

The Museum of Broken Relationships

Veruca Salt

In the garden of rejection, the broken people go
There's a hook where you can hang your heart
Frame it on the wall and let it go
Halalala let it go

Exhibition is of the essence, it's what we come here for
Put the relics of your lost love on display
And lock the door
Halalala lock the door

Snake, always kissing her and this and that
Snake, going underground to skin the cat
Snake, always sneaking out and creeping back
Snake, I set the trap

He's a cheater, a bottom feeder
In this box a lock of his hair
Jubilation, he loves me again
Halalala I don't care
Halalala I don't care
Halalala halalala
Halalala I don't care

Jubilation, he loves me again
Jubilation...

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